A Warning for all Worldlings to learn to Dye.

The tune is, The Ladies Fall.

GOod people all repent with ſpeed,
high time it is to pray,
Tempt not the juſt and righteous God
with vain and long delay:
And while it is the day indeed,
for mercy call and cry,
O would that men would bear in mind,
that one day they muſt dye.

Thy ſelf in thy ſecurity,
why doſt thou flatter ſo?
Deferring thy repenting days,
till age doth bring thee low;
And further, till thy ſickeſt hour
that e're thou haſt to lye,
O would that men, &c.

O duſt and aſhes, doſt thou think
the Glorious God of might,
will take in worth theſe wicked things
and wait on thy delight?
O mark how ſore and ſuddenly,
his Wrath on him will lye;
O would that men, &c.

For what is he upon the earth,
that can himſelf ſecure,
Or ſay that for an hours ſpace
my life it can endure:
No man on earth can warrant life,
the twinkling of an eye,
O would that men, &c.

And after death thy ſelf aſſure,
repentance comes too late,
Not all the wealth within the world,
that can thy pains abate;
For as a tree doth take his fall,
even ſo the ſame doth lye;
Therefore in chiefeſt of thy health,
prepare thy ſelf to dye.

And ſeeſt not thou in Sickneſs oft,
mens memories decay,
Who many times do Rove and Rage,
when they have need to pray,
Whoſe hearts are bent to ban & curſe,
till death doth cloſe their eye;
Therefore, &c.

The ſecond Part to the ſame Tune:

And if thou haſt thy memory
and underſtanding right,
And of thy ſpeech the perfect uſe,
and brightneſs of thy ſight:
Yet may the Lord with-hold his grace
and take thy Faith from thee,
That to repent thy folly paſt,
thou ſhalt not able be.

But yet admit, our gracious God,
in mercy for to deal,
That in thy Sickneſs he vouch-ſafe,
his mercy to reveal;
Yet thou ſhalt have a thouſand griefs,
to wring thy mind awry;
Therefore, &c.

For thou ſhalt have thy body then
diſquieted with pain,
Thy head and heart will vexed be,
and ſo will every vain:
The pangs of death will fear thee ſore
whoſe force thou canſt not flye;
Therefore, &c.

The love of life will tempt thee much
whoſe favour was ſo ſweet,
And thou will muſe of many things
that for thy health is meet:
To think thou muſt forgoe thy Goods
will nip thy heart full nigh:
Therefore, &c.

To ſee thy Friends and Neighbors all
thy dying hour abide:
To ſee thy Wife and Children ſmall
cry out on every ſide;
To think thou muſt forgoe them all
will nip thy heart full nigh;
Therefore, &c.

Beſides, to think upon thy Sins,
will much moleſt thy mind,
The freſh remembrance of the ſame
thou ſhalt moſt bitter find;
Deſpair & dread will drown thy heart,
for living ſo awry:
Therefore, &c.

And thy accuſing conſcience then
will witneſs to thy woe,
How wickedly upon the earth
thou didſt thy days beſtow:
And this within thy penſive breaſt
moſt grievouſly will lye:
Therefore, &c.

Then will the Devil moſt buſie be
Gods Juſtice to declare,
And of his mercy he will ſtill
procure thee to deſpair:
Perſwading thee thy grievous Sins
do for Hell ever cry:
Therefore, &c.

Here maiſt thou ſee, (oh, wretched man)
how hard a time thou haſt
Prepared to repent thy Sins,
at this thy latter caſt;
Therefore put not repentance back
do not Gods Grace deny;
But in the chiefeſt of thy health, &c.

Let every one pray that the Lord
may bleſs our King and Queen,
And grant that they in all their days
may joyfully be ſeen:
And after death that they may live
in joy eternally.
Then let all people ſay, Amen,
And ſo Amen, ſay I.

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